

THE TRI-WEEKLY STANDARD.

"LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE

AND INSEPARABLE."—Daniel Webster.

VOL. I.

RALEIGH, N. C., TUESDAY,

MARCH 20, 1866.

NO. 1.

Tri-Weekly Standard.

W. W. HOLDEN. J. W. HOLDEN.
W. W. HOLDEN & SON,
Editors of the Standard, and authorized publishers
of the Laws of the United States.

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[From the Charlottesville Chronicle.]
FALSE FRIENDS OF THE SOUTH AT THE NORTH.

There are many persons in the South who saw that the Confederate cause was hopeless twelve months before the catastrophe came; and they were anxious to drive a good bargain with the United States Government, while our armies were still in the field. It was perfectly obvious that General Lee would have to leave Richmond and Hanover in 1865, and it was plain that the abandonment of Virginia under the circumstances of the situation at that time was fatal. But there were a great many very violent persons—that class who never take counsel from anything but their passions—who could not see anything but nothing, and who still pat the "last man and the last dollar"—taking all the time the same care which marked their course throughout the war, to keep out of the army themselves, and confine themselves to exhortations from the house of commons and comfort to their families. These men were generally great admirers of Mr. Davis, and applauded his African Church speech, just after the failure of the negotiations at Fortress Monroe, in which he said that "we would soon teach the Yankees that we were their masters"—this at a moment when every well-informed man of sense knew that the thing was hopeless, and Mr. Stephens in despair (refusing to appear with Messrs. Davis and Hunter at the African Church) had gone home. The crash was so complete when it did come—though just in proportion as it had been delayed—that these people were utterly stunned, and have said very little since. They are now endeavoring to migrate without the slightest intention of doing so.

As these men were the most violent among us during the war and the least belligerent on their own personal account, so now that the fighting is over, we see that there are a great many people in Baltimore and New York who are not satisfied—and regret that the war closed so soon. We are told by such persons that if the South had only held out, they would have triumphed—and an enthusiastic relative of ours in Washington thinks that General Lee and General Johnston deserved to be hung for surrendering. If we could only have gotten these people here during hostilities, as there are a great many of them, we should have done a great deal better—and might by this time have been a free and independent nation. But it was difficult to get through the lines, and very uncomfortable in the South, and the opportunity was lost. With a disposition to remedy the omission, they are very bitter now; they seek to transfer the quarrel between the North and the South from the tented field to the mass meeting and the Copperhead press, and they insist as passionately on "Constitutional rights," and advise the South to "stand up," as warmly, as if they intended to do something for us—which they have never done yet.

The newspapers of this party against the North in behalf of the South are there used to be in the Charleston Mercury or the Richmond Enquirer. They have by no means done with the quarrel. Their "in" is that the South can be seen on its legs again and make another fight. If she could be wallowed and bitten still more terribly by the big dog of the North—New York and Baltimore Copperheads will only feel disappointed by it, as sporting gentlemen are disappointed when their terrier has been overmatched.—They will smoke their cigars and spit their wine—and try Fenianism. What becomes of the terrier? If they let him alone, perhaps he will get well.

The South has been whipped in this fight fair and square—and after a splendid effort. Nobody laments the result more than we do. Nobody has been more mortified at the humiliation accompanying than we have been. But there is the rub! What is to be done? We are in the Union—we are in the Union on compulsion—and we cannot get out of the Union. Fighting did not get us out and talking will not do it now. Is the South to occupy a sullen attitude, and spend her future railing at the North—and grinding her teeth? Is this profitable—or dignified?

All to whom the mortification of our situation is intolerable ought to go crazy; all who can bear the idea of remaining here ought to accept the situation broadly. That is precisely a Southern man's duty now; no whining, no cursing, no sentimentality, no faint-heartedness—but a full realization of the situation, and then—acceptance, or rejection of it. If rejected, then the road is to Brazil; if accepted, then, with trust in God and submission to His will, the duty is to become in good faith an American citizen.

If the South is sectionalized again, our troubles are not over. If politicians engineer the South into the position it occupied

in 1860, then the hammer will fall upon us again. If the antagonism is maintained between the North and the South, of course we will be crushed. Just in proportion as the South seeks to become a unit, just in the proportion will the North become united against us. What the South requires for its safety—to say nothing of its prosperity—is a broad national sentiment commensurate with the whole country. And if we yield no more, we must yield at least enough for this. The South can take up a position which fills short of this, and might by political combinations carry sometimes an election, or a vote in the House of Representatives; but it would be only the position of Ireland in the British Empire, and the Irish members in the House of Commons.

There is no reason to regret the studied attempt at the North to regularize the Democratic party, with the hope of getting for it always the solid vote of the South. Just so certain as this is done, the ascendancy of the Republicans is made certain for many years, and our allies will only make things worse for us by keeping up the animosities of the past. Andrew Johnson and William H. Seward are precisely the two men to lay down a national platform, and such a system of policy is already indicated by their late declarations—but if the New York Times and the Philadelphia Age are to paint all the banners—the movement will be a failure.—Nor Mr. Toombs and Mr. Hunter and Colonel Florence and Ben. Wood ought to keep in the background; when the play is fairly commenced, and the plot is somewhat advanced, and developed, they can step upon the scene and take their places quietly without being noticed.

ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE.
The Mobile Register tells the following sad story of an unfortunate woman recently found on the streets of that city in a dying condition. It is a fearful story and should serve as a warning:

Her parents came to this city when Mary was a child, from Montreal, Lower Canada, and her father being a man of eminent qualifications, entered into business, and gave this, his only child, all the advantages afforded by the best schools in the North. At the age of seventeen she visited Niagara Falls, and was left at that great summer resort by her parents, in the hands of friends, while they visited Lower Canada.—During their absence Mary attended the grand balls given nightly at the Cataract House, and was dazzled with the glittering array of fashion and splendor surrounding her. Among her many admirers was a young man of gay and dashing manner, and fascinating appearance. He had known Mary and her parents for many years, and set his heart on the girl; but her parents rejected him as a suitor for her hand, and he lost no opportunity to secure interviews with her in their absence. On this occasion Mary, at an unguarded moment, surrendered herself to him and they eloped. The old story now follows.—He plighted his honor to make her his wife, but it was only the frivolous word of a heartless deceiver, soon to be disregarded and forgotten.

He deserted his victim in one of the large cities of the North, and, driven to want and desperation, she became a public courtesan. After years of suffering and privation she made her way home to this city, the scene of her bright and happy childhood. She had fallen to the lowest depths of degradation, but fortunately her parents left Mobile shortly after their affliction, and returned to Canada, and they have never laid eyes on their unfortunate daughter since. Her imprinted the parting kiss on her fair young brow at Niagara. Such is the story of this miserable outcast, who terminated her wretched career on Tuesday night. Was she an object of charity? Let her own words plead for her:

Tell me what is done to the man
That tempts and riots in woman's fall?
Does his father curse him, is he scorned by
The love of a man? Is he scorned by
Not he, for his judges are men like him-
self.
Or thoughtless women who honor their
whim.
Young blood—wild oats—a dashing young
man—
They'll soon forget it in him.

But pity and pardon—who are you,
That talk of pity and pardon to me?
What I want is justice, justice, sirs,
Let both be punished, or both go free.
If it be on a woman such a shame fall,
What is it on a man? now come, be just,
Remember she falls through her love for
him,
And he through his selfish lust.

What had I to gain by a woman's sin,
To weigh in the scale with my innocent
years,
My womanly shame, my womanly name,
My father's curse, my mother's tears?
The love of a man. It was something to
give;
Was it worth it?—the price was my soul
paid down.
Did I gain a soul—his soul in exchange?
Behold me, here on the town.

I met his coach on the street to-day,
Dashing along on the sunny side,
With a liveried driver upon his box,
And looking back in her listless pride,
The wife of his bosom took the air—
She was brought in the marts where hearts
were sold.
I gave myself away for his love,
She sold herself for his gold.

Cling to them, ladies, and shrink from me,
Call me opprobrious names, if you will.
The truth is bitter; do you think I have
lied?
I'm a harlot, yes, but I'm a woman still.
God said of old, to a woman like me,
"Go, sin no more," or your Bible's a lie;
But you, and such as you, mingle his mer-
ciful words
With go and sin till you die.

Die! the word has a pleasant sound,
The sweetest I've heard for this many a
year.
It seems to promise an end to pain;
Any way I will end it here.
—A nice little Canadian girl eloped from
a convent, joined and married her lover in
Vermont a few days since.

A NIGHT OF TERROR—TWO MEN IM- PRISONED IN A MINERAL CAVE.

Jonah has won a historic fame, and claimed the sympathies of ninety generations for being shut up in a whale's belly; and after being swallowed so suddenly, no wonder he should feel somewhat down in the mouth.—But Jonah has been outdone by Messrs. Jas. Peacock and John Kelley, who were imprisoned in the bowels of the earth all Wednesday night, separated from humanity horizontally by three hundred feet of water, and perpendicularly by thirty feet of rock.

Wednesday morning Mr. Peacock and Mr. Kelley went to work as usual at the recently discovered Peacock-Chapman-Radcliffe Bunting lead. They had to go down a shaft seventy feet deep; then along a drift horizontal 300 feet; there is then a rise of about eight feet into a new crevice, when another drift is reached about six hundred feet long, leading to a cave of considerable extent, where they had been excavating. Quitting time arrived, and the miners started to return home. They came to the descent between the second and the first, and sliding down this, one of the men found himself in the water. In a moment he comprehended the situation—the drift between them and the shaft by which they must return to daylight was filled with water, and the water constantly rising.

At a little distance east was a ravine, beside which was a shaft, which became filled with water, and from that made its way through the network of crevices into this drift. There they were imprisoned, not knowing for how long; and there was but one possible way to make their situation known to those upon the surface. A shaft was being sunk into the cave in which they had been at work, and a small drift hole, about two inches in diameter, had been bored down through thirty feet of solid rock. By using this as a speaking trumpet, the men below made their work above, sinking the shaft, aware of their unpleasant and dangerous predicament.

Of course every effort was at once made to rescue them. But this was brought, sunk, filled with water and drawn up; but for a long time it seemed doubtful whether by this method the quantity of water in the shaft could be reduced faster than it was running in. At last it became evident that the water was lowering, and the men at the "pumps" (barre) worked with renewed energy.—This continued all night, till daylight next morning.

A candle or two had been lowered through the drill hole, and a "wet" of stimulus, by both of which the miseries of those below were rendered lighter.
By six o'clock in the morning the water had been drawn off to such an extent that the men in the cave concluded they could make their way out. They began to wade, the water being up to their necks; and, holding their candles aloft, began to wade along the drift. By and by they came to a place where the cup rock, and roof of the tunnel in which they were, was so low that the candles could not be held above the water, and were extinguished; while in some places there was room enough between the water in the cave and the roof of the tunnel to permit the person rescued feel the deepest gratitude for their untiring exertions.—*Dubuque Times.*

But at last the shaft was reached, and the men, wet, hungry, bruised, and exhausted, that is the way the story was told to us, and they certainly did not look like men or angels—were dragged to daylight once more.—About twenty men were engaged all night in endeavoring to rescue the men in the shaft, so that the men could escape, to all of whom the person rescued feel the deepest gratitude for their untiring exertions.—*Dubuque Times.*

THE FEMALE EQUESTRIAN.—A lady's horse to be perfect, should be all over handsome, and well upon its legs, and its tail hollow in the back, so much the better, for it generally tends to ease in action, and to lessen motion in the saddle. A lady should never be heard upon the saddle—that is, there should be no humming noise, not even in a trot. She should sit so closely, and when rising to the trot possess such elastic motion from the foot to the knee and the waist, that her return to the saddle should seem as light as a feather. She should sit "square to the front," and her horses ears—to speak as a soldier—ought to dress well with the buttons of the bosom of her habit. Nothing is so bad as to sit with a lean to one side, and when companions are following after, to let them hear that a very little would cast her off from the stirrup side of her saddle. Her hands should be down, but light, and her arm, as well as every inclination of her figure, should harmonize with the motions of her steed, as if both possessed the same education.

—*Hon. Granville Bradley's Life and Recollections.*

HOW DUTCH GAP GOT ITS NAME.

Is told us by a Southern correspondent of the Brooklyn Eagle:

"An Englishman and a Dutchman, so the story runs, undertook, for a wager, to row their respective skills from a place seven miles below the Gap in the mountains. The man who first arrived at the place of destination was to be considered the champion, and to receive the stakes. Both started. The Englishman pulled out vigorously, and the Dutchman, with true Teutonic impetuosity, suffered his opponent to go ahead without an apparent effort to keep up with him. When the Englishman began to round the bluff, after passing the gap, the Dutchman was 'hull down' and almost out of sight of his antagonist, who was counting on a 'sure thing of it.' When the Dutchman reached the gap, he ran his skill on shore, raised it on his shoulders and made his way with all possible dispatch across the few hundred feet of intervening space. When the Englishman arrived at the point at which the race was to terminate, what was his astonishment to find his opponent in his skill, calmly awaiting his appearance, having relieved the strain of his stay by smoking with Dutch leisure three or four pipes of tobacco. Whether the Dutchman succeeded by this trick in winning his wager is not known, but he gave a name to the gap, and was more successful as a navigator than the noted 'corked up' hero of New Orleans, the terror of women and children, at whose approach the very silver spoons tremble on the sideboard."

—The anniversary of the battle of Pe Ridge occurred on Thursday, and the Germans in Cincinnati, who fought with Sigel and Curtis on that occasion, celebrated it.

—The Augusta (Georgia) papers of the 23d say that but three miles of the Gulf Railroad between Savannah and Thomaston remain to be completed, and that the connection will soon be completed.

—Green peas, asparagus, artichokes and new potatoes, which are not often seen until a month later, have just appeared in the Vegetable markets of Paris.

Dry Goods, Insurance, &c.

NEW
SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS FOR
1866.

NEW LINE STILL AHEAD!
MAKES HER THIRP REGULAR AND AHEAD OF TIME!

A. CREECH

AGAIN HAS THE PLEASURE TO
inform his old friends, his new friends—his old customers and new customers, and every body else that want Goods, THAT HE HAS JUST RETURNED FROM THE NORTH, where he selected with great care, and with an eye single to their wants, one of the largest and most complete stock of
STABLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS,
he ever had the pleasure to offer them, either during or since the war.

A large and beautiful assortment of
LADIES' DRESS GOODS,
embracing the newest and leading styles of the season.
A large assortment of
Gentlemen's, Youths' and Boys' Goods,
Ladies' Summer Wrappings,
Ladies' Misses and Children's
Trimmed Hats, new shapes,
Ladies' Misses and Children's hoop skirts,
Balmoral Shoes, Gaiters,
Shippers, Tarnsols, Bonnets,
Ribbons, Gloves, Hosiery, &c., &c.
Gents' and Boys' Kid, Calf and Cloth
Gaiters,
Gents, Boys and Children's Straw,
Leghorns, Braid and
Felted Hats, for Summer,
Crochery and House Ware,
Wood and Willow Ware,
together with a good stock of first class
FAMILY GROCERIES, &c.
In fact, in a few days my stock will be complete.

Now I don't pretend to say that I am selling Goods at New York prices. I say no such thing. I deal in no such humbuggery. But I say I have sold goods as cheap, I expect to sell as cheap, and I say I will sell as cheap as any Yankee, Jew or Gentile, who has paid for his goods, or ever expect to pay for them, and honest not excepted. I say I will sell as cheap as any Yankee, Jew or Gentile, who has paid for his goods, or ever expect to pay for them, and honest not excepted. I say I will sell as cheap as any Yankee, Jew or Gentile, who has paid for his goods, or ever expect to pay for them, and honest not excepted.

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LIFE AND FIRE INSURANCE AGENCY,

RALEIGH, N. C.

P. F. PESCU, AGENT,
IS PREPARED TO ISSUE

POLICIES OF INSURANCE

IN the following Companies, whose combined Capital and Assets amount to \$2,000,000, viz:
Phoenix Fire Ins. Co., Hartford, Conn.
Atlanta Fire Ins. Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Valley of Virginia, Winchester, Virginia.

The above Companies are well known as first class Companies, and pay their losses promptly. He also represents the
BROOKLYN LIFE INS. COMPANY,
of Brooklyn, New York, which is one of the most popular and reliable Companies in the world, and has been in business for the past year, semi-annually, or quarterly as preferred. They insure on the Cash-forfeiture plan, so that the insured can have their money back at any time, without paying a cent more. They renew their policies after three or more years.

For particulars apply to
P. F. PESCU,
Raleigh, N. C., March 7, 1866.

NEW SPRING GOODS.

W. H. & R. S. TUCKER,

ARE DAILY RECEIVING

A Choice and Desirable Stock of

NEW SPRING GOODS.

ONE OF OUR FIRM WILL REMAIN IN

the Northern Markets during the season, for the purpose of selecting goods that are manufactured below the Gap in the mountains.

This plan will give us Superior Advantages in being present at all the cheapness in the markets, and of selecting just such articles as our friends and customers may desire.

W. H. & R. S. TUCKER,
Raleigh, N. C., March 7, 1866.

1866.

ATTRACTIVE SPRING STOCK,

OF

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC

DRY GOODS.

WE RESPECTFULLY INVITE THE AT-
tention of the trade to our very desirable and choice stock of

AMERICAN AND BRITISH

FANCY DRESS GOODS,

Among which may be found the latest styles imported this season; together with an extensive assortment of

Staple Goods,

AND

Notions of all kinds.

We particularly call the attention of Merchants visiting this city to our large stock of

Staple Goods, all recently purchased at

REDUCED RATES,

and will be offered at prices to suit the trade, at our Wholesale Ware Rooms, on second floor of

Nos. 70, 72 and 74, Seymour street, Petersburg, Va., where Capt. Edward Graham and Mr. John McNece, will be pleased to see their old friends and the trade generally.

MELWAINE & CO.,
March 12-2m.

Celebre Jupe-Cage Thomson!

EN ACIER ELASTIQUE.

THE NEW TRAIL FOR 1866,

"BOULEVARD."

BOULEVARD! BOULEVARD! BOULEVARD!
Meets us wherever we turn our eyes. We have it, too, in the most perfect shape. It is a talisman, or is it a Crinoline? Its Trade Mark is a Royal Crown. Its train is pronounced peerless. It is

Thomson's Crowning Discovery.

For particulars, Ladies of Fashion will call at the well known Dry Goods Establishment of

W. H. & R. S. TUCKER,
Dealers in Rich Dress Goods, Thomson's Fine Crinolines for Ladies of the *Millieu Monde*. Also, Hosiery, Corsets, Notions, &c.
Raleigh, N. C.
March 9, 1866.—1f.

Dry Goods, Groceries, Liquors, &c.

SELLING OFF

OUR LARGE STOCK OF

DRY GOODS,
BOOTS,
SHOES,
HATS,
GROCERIES,
LIQUORS, &c.

As cheap as those advertising to sell

AT COST.

NO GAMMON OR NONSENSE.

We will not be

Undersold,

"The Proof of the Pudding, &c."

KELLOGG, WHEELER & CO.

dec 13-1f (Old Stand of S. H. Young.)

SUGAR! SUGAR! SUGAR!

10 Half Barrels Crushed Sugar for family use.

10 Quarter do do do do

15 Kegs Extra C Sugar, do do do

In store and on hand by
B. P. WILLIAMSON & CO.

March 1866.—1f.

Woolen Dress Goods at Cost,

AT

MAXON & STRONG'S.

WE WILL SELL, for the next twenty days,

French Merino, Wool, and Cotton and

Wool Delaines, Scotch Plaids,

English Merinos, and

other Woolen

DRESS GOODS AT COST!

We have a large stock of

Bleached Goods, Calicoes, Boots and

Shoes, Notions, and Toilet Ar-

ticles, that we are sell-

ing very low.

WE CAN'T BE UNDERSOLD.

We have a good stock of Cloths, Cassimeres,

Jeans, &c., for Mens' and Boys' wear.

Call for what you want! Our goods are

not all in sight.

Very liberal discount made on goods by the

piece.

Remember the place, 55 Fayetteville Street,

next door to the old Post Office.

dec 26-1f MAXON & STRONG.

PRIME OLD APPLE BRANDY.

5 Barrels Fine old Apple Brandy, for sale by

B. P. WILLIAMSON & CO.

March 9, 1866.—1f.

15 Baskets Champagne, (a Superior Ar-

ticle.)

For sale at

E. A. WHITAKER'S.

February 13, 1866.—1f

GEORGE SANGSTER,

IMPORTER OF

Wines and Liquors,

No. 25 Market Square,

NORFOLK, Va.

I have constantly on hand, and offer for sale:

WHISKEYS, BRANDIES, GIN, RUM,

POKI, SHERRY AND

MADEIRA WINES.

Russ St. Domingo Bitters.

Bourbon Cocktail,

Gia do

Brandy do

Arrack Punch.

do Wine.

Ginger Cordial.

Lemon Syrup, &c.

These Goods can be furnished by the case or in

bulk, at New York prices, with the additional

cost of freight.

Country Trade is invited.

dec 12-15 1y 10 GEO. SANGSTER,

Norfolk, Va.

SPRING IMPORTATION.